

JERU THE DAMAJA – TRUE SKILLZ LYRICS

[intro]

check it out x2
got jeru the damaja in the house
got my man sabor on the beat we're about to represent for the underground
letting you know how we m-ss murder mic some bash up boats
about put it down with true sk!llz
letting y'all clowns what time it is and it goes like this

[verse 1]

into the original, ex-criminal
i used to flippin' -n-log but now i'm strictly digital
2003 movements are pivotal
split backs like atoms apply pressure till m-ss is critcal
cast talkin' smacked i chopped him in two
get it, got it, spit it, hot sh-tted, forget about it
don't bolos, at amateurs and pros, p-ss time, converting holes
put 'em in seizing chokeholds before it
slipped my mind shout out to all my bros
you can encount them i tie-rip
don't know your fingers and toes, mad!!
flow it shows like swiftness in combos
murder mcs by the rules and props we got those, so
days that are we got robbed no through ocho
i was at the day that i f-ck sh-t up then they sink oh!
and the things changed but the weather you can ask arrow
'queur don't vent lightnings pulse him and her, you know my m.o

[hook]

true sk!llz x2

[verse 2]

if i was cold hearted i'd have b-tches on a strip
even though i'm not pimpin' i shoot my game like a pimp
i go to war like scarface i get around like 2 pac
real gangstas don't talk about glocks, they bust shots
i got two things for these reeks that's a truth and a long c-ck
i'm the only rapper that you ever see in your block, i'm god
like old cyrus, the touch of king midas
if i beat shawty i'm beggin' just in case she got the variables

coz you can't trust a big-b-tt and a grin
think you mackin' but if you spent dawg that's trickin'
i never l!ck it even if it's finger l!ckin'
i've got more sold than color green so pokin' grease, fried chicken
you know it's stereo p-wn representin' brooklyn so dope wifey had to throw me in
we have like samuel jackson on the realer realer i'm just kiddin'
but when it's come to doin' my thing you know how i'm livin'

[bridge]

everybody wanna rock the mic but if you really wanna be a mc show your true sk!llz x4

[verse 3]

hypnotic the hip-hop narcotic i keep it organic other mcs're robotic
fouls that add pauses display lack of logic
nutritions flows get life to the mic like amniotic
water cook sh-t up like a short-order, origami chef
i touched the mic and choke it to death
launching everyday it'll weak like hugh hef, ner
black super hero like the black panther
keep my rhymes shunt like states when i chase vampire
flip you through till' you blue in the face like big fat liar
years from now i just be getting higher
if you put it on your blast ain't no gas i set that -ss on fire
from brooklyn to east new york the rocket shows
there is something that i think you should know

[hook]